THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 5, 1803.

Animadverſions on Innovators of Female Employ.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THOUGH every humane mind muſt deplore the preſent awful appearance of the country, and lament the neceſſity there is for again going to war, yet there is ſomething gratifying in perceiving the general unanimity which at the preſent moment fortunately prevails. The ſpirit of rebellion, which agitated our ſiſter country, I flatter myſelf will never extend to the Britiſh ſhores; for while the bonds of loyalty unite the hearts of Engliſhmen together, they never need fear the threats of their Gallic foes.

The plans which have been ſuggeſted for the defence of the country, and the zeal with which every individual arms, muſt convince the proud tyrant, who threatens deſtruction to our tranquility, that we will preſerve our conſtitution, or die in the cauſe. Circumſtanced as we are at preſent, Sir, every man fancies himſelf entitled to give his opinion upon public affairs; and therefore I take the liberty of pointing out a ſet of beings, whoſe proſtituted abilities might be converted into uſe. I do not mean to infer that a regiment ought to be formed from this claſs of individuals, for the very nature of their employments evinces the puſillanimity of their minds; but like ſoldiers whoſe courage or conduct is ſuſpected, I would have them drafted into regiments whoſe valour has been tried.

I confeſs, Mr. Editor, I never enter a ſhop in the metropolis, where this evil moſt abounds, without finding my indignation rouſed at beholding a ſet of fellows, who ought to be employed in the ſervice of their country, meaſuring out ribbands, and diſplaying patterns for ladies' gowns.

The contempt which a manly ſpirit muſt inevitably experience at beholding the very order of nature thus diſgraced, it is difficult to deſcribe; and I am aſtoniſhed the legiſlature does not prevent ſuch innovations from taking place. If theſe effeminate ſons of idleneſs were debilitated by indiſpoſition, or nature had rendered them unfit for an active employ: then, by whatever method they obtained an honeſt livelihood, they would be entitled to the applauſe of the more hardy part of mankind: but when I behold a fellow of Herculean form, liſping out a liſt of faſhions, and deſcribing what colour would be moſt becoming to each different lady's face, the feeling of contempt is ſo ſtrongly excited, that I find it difficult to ſuppreſs the indignation of my mind.

If I merely conſidered men-milliners, haberdaſhers, ſtaymakers, &c. and a variety of other innovators upon females' employ, as a ſet of inſignificant beings who rendered themſelves contemptible, they never would even occupy my thoughts: but when I reflect upon the ſerious evils that ariſe from their monopolizing occupations, which would afford ſuch a number of induſtrious females bread, I conſider it as a duty which I owe to ſociety to point out the ill conſequences which may be aſcribed to the puſillanimity of their minds.

If the female form was capable of ſuſtaining manual exertion, or the uncivilized ſtate of the country appropriated to them active employ, it would not be a matter of ſerious importance what was the favourite occupation of the other ſex. But when it is conſidered that theſe innovators actually fill employments for which women ſeem by nature ordained; when it is recollected that many of them, by hard neceſſity, are driven to proſtitution, and, unlamented and unprotected, periſh in the ſtreets; can we avoid regretting that the legiſlature does not interpoſe its authority, and prevent a practice ſo much to be deplored. The preſent moment, above all others, ſeems calculated to inſpire a regulation that might be attended with ſuch beneficial effects, for every individual is called upon to protect his country at a time ſo full of danger and dread. Not that I mean to inſpire my countrymen with apprehenſion, or give them an idea that I imagine the ambitious tyrant will accompliſh his deſigns; for I hope to have the happineſs of hearing of his veſſels receiving ſuch a broadſide, as will convince him that Britiſh valour is only to be tried. Yet ſtill I think there is a neceſſity for exertion, and I wiſh to ſee all theſe petit-maitrês employed.

I cannot conclude the ſubject without obſerving, that I have frequently been aſtoniſhed at the conduct of females toward their own ſex; for inſtead of endeavouring to promote the intereſt of each other they always prefer employing the men. My wife and myſelf, you muſt know, Mr. Editor, have failed

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as ſmoothly upon the matrimonial ocean of life, as any two veſſels that ever ſet out together upon a domeſtic cruize. Still, however, ſometimes a little breeze takes place between us, though it never amounts to a hard gale; for though I generally allow her to ſteer her own frigate, yet my orders muſt be obeyed when I make ſignal to ſail.

My daughter is as tight a little ſloop as any man would wiſh to convoy into the matrimonial port, and I have ſome few old faſhioned notions about her which my wife does not always approve. You may ſuppoſe therefore, Mr. Editor, that I was not much delighted at ſeeing a little jackanapes of a fellow this morning tapping at her chamber-door, upon which I caught him by the collar, which ſent him from the top to the bottom of the ſtairs. The voice of my wife inſtantly informed me, that Mr. Buckram had only brought home Maria's ſtays, and in the ſofteſt accents ſhe ſympathiſed with his misfortune, and honoured me with the mild appellation of brute. This gratifying title was uttered jocoſely, and the hero of whale-bone was requeſted to walk up ſtairs, and thus ſupported by female authority, he again ventured to ſcale the walls, but was in an inſtant hurled from his height, and dropping the ſtays in the utmoſt trepidation, he ran, or rather flew, out of the houſe. Victory having thus been declared in my favour, my wife inſtantly called in the authority of tears, which on many occaſions, I confeſs, I have not had courage enough to encounter; but where the delicacy of my daughter was concerned, I determined not to yield. I poſitively declared her perſon ſhould not be exhibited to any of the whale-bone tribe, and proteſted by all that was ſacred, that none of the fraternity ſhould ever be permitted to enter my houſe.

If every huſband and father, Mr. Editor, would oppoſe the deteſtable faſhion of having men to ſwathe up their wives and daughters' waiſts, I am inclined to believe that it would inculcate the ideas of true delicacy more among them than if they heard fifty ſermons upon the ſubject of modeſty. Yet do not ſuppoſe that I mean you to draw an unfavourable inference, or imagine that the females of my family are deſtitute of thoſe delicate ideas which their ſex ought to poſſeſs, for I aſſure you I often think they carry rigid propriety even to unneceſſary exceſs; yet faſhion ſo completely enſlaves the minds of women, that they ſuffer it to pervert both their feelings and ſenſe.

I am Sir,
Your obedient humble ſervant,
An Enemy to all Innovators upon
Female Employ.

ADVICE *to* VOLUNTEERS.

MR. LEESE, ſurgeon to the 8th regiment of London volunteers, has publiſhed the following uſeful advice to that corps, which we conſider worthy of general attention:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"Being honoured by the appointment of a ſurgeon to ſo reſpectable a military body, I find it my duty to addreſs ſome medical and ſurgical hints to you.

"And firſt, as prevention is better than cure, I recommend you to provide calico ſhirts, flannel waiſtcoats, with ſleeves and collar, and long in the waiſt, worſted or yarn ſtockings, and a woollen night-cap; but while the weather is mild, as at preſent, and your expoſure and privations ſmall, keep the flannel outſide the ſhirt; but as ſoon as it becomes cold, or you are expoſed to night ſervice, place the flannel inſide; by this mode you have a reſerve for extremes.

"Endeavour to keep your bodies in as equal a ſtate of warmth as poſſible, and eſpecially avoid cooling haſtily after being much heated, and by no means flatter yourſelves that the uſe of ſpirits will be any ſecurity againſt a neglect of this rule: in caſe of your feet being wet, they may be rubbed with ſpirits, though perhaps the friction is then the beſt part of the remedy; but do not reſort to the abſurd cuſtom of pouring ſpirits in your ſhoes, which cannot do good, but will certainly add to the moiſture; this is almoſt as bad as pouring it into your ſtomachs, than which nothing can be more derogatory to the character and conduct of a Britiſh ſoldier, or more fallacious, as a preventive; it tends to enfeeble both mind and body, although it may raiſe a temporary exertion, ill-directed, and ſoon exhauſted; but *ſteady—ſilent—ſteady*—ſhould be *your* characteriſtic.

"Beer well hopped is an excellent beverage for a ſoldier: animal food and biſcuit are deſirable: when on ſervice, vegetables ſhould be taken ſparingly.

"Thoſe who are on night duty ſhould keep conſtantly moving, if poſſible. Inflammation, cough, dyſentery, and rheumatiſm, are the diſeaſes moſt likely to attend the ſervice; fortunately, bodily warmth and warm diluting fluids are good for all theſe.

Gun-ſhot wounds, it may be right to inform you, are now diveſted of all that myſtery and peculiarity of treatment they uſed to undergo, from a notion that they were poiſoned wounds and burnt wounds; they are neither one nor the other, but wounds with great contuſion, and are to be treated as ſuch; the firſt object is to cleanſe them by waſhing all extraneous matter from the ſurface; then to aſcertain whether any ball or other extraneous ſubſtance be within the wound, which ſhould be removed, if it can be done without great violence to the part; but if no obvious means preſent, or no ſurgeon be at hand, lett he part be wrapped

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up, and placed in as eaſy a poſture as poſſible, till ſurgical aid can be obtained.

" Burns by powder ſhould be plentifully waſhed with cold water, or goulard water, and cloths wetted with the ſame left on them.

" Inciſed wounds ſhould be waſhed and wrapped up; if the bleeding be profuſe cold water is better than warm. If the bleeding be alarming, the part ſhould be compreſſed by the thumb or fingers of the patient, or an aſſiſtant, or bound tightly over, with ſome ſmall ſubſtance interpoſed over the bleeding orifice as a compreſs.

" Fractures and diſlocations muſt be laid in a direction as near the natural as poſſible, if that be as eaſy as any other; but in general the moſt eaſy is the beſt, till ſurgical aid can be had.

" And, in this important ſtruggle for individual liberty and national honour, let what will befal you, I truſt you will be able to derive conſolation from the glorious cauſe in which you ſuffer; and allow me to add, that I ſhall, to the utmoſt of my ability, unite the offices of ſurgeon and friend."

" L. LEESE."

Copthall-Court, October 22.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 430.)

ON the ſubſiding of this local rebellion in the north-eaſtern quarter of Ireland, another local rebellion much inferior in vigour and very eaſily ſuppreſſed, commenced in the oppoſite ſouth-weſtern quarter, in the county of Cork. Accompanied with the ſame kind of violent acts as elſewhere in the ſouth, and exhibiting nothing extraordinary or peculiar, it requires little notice. The principal action, and the only one which government has thought proper to communicate to the public, took place near the village of Ballynaſcarty, where, on the 19th of June, two hundred and twenty men of the Weſtmeath regiment of militia, with two ſix-pounders, under the command of their lieutenant-colonel, Sir Hugh O'Reilly, were attacked on their march from Cloghnakilty to Bandon, by a body of between three and four hundred men, almoſt all armed with pikes. This was only a part of the rebel force, here placed in ambuſh in a very advantageous poſition. The attack was made from a height on the left of the column, ſo unexpectedly and rapidly, that the troops had ſcarcely time to form; but the aſſailants were quickly repulſed with ſome loſs, and retreated to the height. Here, if the ſoldiers had purſued them,

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from which they were with great difficulty reſtrained, they would probably have been ſurrounded and ſlaughtered like the North-Cork detachment at Oulart. While the officers were endeavouring to form the men again, a body of rebels were making a motion to ſeize the cannon, and another body made its appearance on the high grounds in the rear: but, at the critical moment, a hundred men of the Caithneſs legion, under the command of Major Innes, who, on their march to Cloghnakilty, had heard the report of the guns, came to their aſſiſtance, and by a briſk fire put the aſſailants to flight on one ſide, after which thoſe who were on the heights behind, retired on receiving a few diſcharges of the artillery. The loſs of the rebels in this action may perhaps have amounted to between fifty and a hundred men; that of the royal troops, by the commander's account, only to a ſerjeant and a private.

On their evacuation of Wexford, part of the rebels paſſed over Wexford bridge, the reſt into the barony of Forth; and a body of the former under Perry, in its march to the Wicklow mountains, committed the ſlaughter of bloody Friday. The main body of the latter, ſuppoſed to be fifteen thouſand in number, deſerted by thoſe leaders who were men of education and property, directed its march, under Father John Murphy, north-weſtward to Scollogh-gap—an opening in the great ridge of Mount-Leinſter, which ſeparates the counties of Wexford and Carlow—with intention to penetrate through the latter county into that of Kilkenny, in hope of being able to excite an inſurrection there, particularly among the colliers about Caſtlecomer, who had been in a ſtate of diſturbance in the year 1793. Entering the gap, and driving before them ſome troops who attempted to oppoſe their progreſs, they burned the little town of Killedmond, immediately within the paſs in the county of Carlow, and continued their march to Gore's-bridge, called alſo New-bridge, a neat village on the river Barrow, in the county of Kilkenny, where they arrived in the morning of the 23d of June. A ſmall body of men, conſiſting chiefly of a troop of the 4th dragoon guards, and a company of the Wexford militia, took poſt on the bridge of this town to prevent their paſſage of the river, but was quickly defeated, with the loſs of a few killed, and twenty-ſeven taken priſoners, of whom ſeven, condemned as orange-men, were ſhot; and in this melancholy buſineſs their fellow ſoldiers were forced to be executioners. Major-general Sir Charles Aſgill, who had marched with a force of about a thouſand men to ſeize the poſt of Newbridge, and ſtop the progreſs of this rebel army, arrived too late—the enemy having already, after their ſucceſs, commenced a rapid movement to a long mountainous ridge, termed by them the ridge of Leinſter, five miles from Caſtlecomer, where they ſpent the night.

The general was likewiſe on the following day too late in his arrival at Caſtlecomer for the protection of that town, whither the proteſtants were flying to take refuge from the country expoſed to the depredations of the enemy. Early in the morning of the 24th, the rebel troops, diminiſhed by deſertion to about eight thouſand, deſcended from the heights, and advancing toward Caſtlecomer, defeated a body of about two hundred and fifty men, at a place called Coolbawn, a mile and a half from that town, which they entered with the ſlaughter of about fifty loyaliſts. The town was ſet on fire—and of this conflagration each party accuſes the other. The general arriving at length with his army, fired with his artillery on the ſtreets and houſes, not knowing that many loyaliſts were ſtill in the place, who were making a deſperate defence to prevent their families and friends from falling into the enemy's hands. This firing, however, determined the rebels to retire from the town, about four o'clock in the afternoon, which furniſhed an opportunity to the proteſtants there aſſembled to retreat with the general to Kilkenny; but they were obliged to leave their goods a prey to the enemy, who took full poſſeſſion of the place as ſoon as the royal army retreated.

After plundering Caſtlecomer, the rebels again retired to the high grounds, where they remained till the following day. Diſappointed in their hopes of an inſurrection in the county of Kilkenny, where few had joined their ſtandard, and theſe few uſeleſs to them in battle, ſince none except themſelves had learned to diſpute the field with the royal troops; finding alſo their own forces diminiſhed by deſertion, to between four and five thouſand, and their ammunition expended, they reſolved to retreat back through the paſs of Scollogh-gap into the county of Wexford. According to this determination they moved from the ridge, in the morning of the 25th of June, and directing their march toward Newbridge, took poſt near that town, at a place called Kilcomny, on a riſing ground in a wide flat. Here they were aſſailed on three ſides, at once, on the following morning, the 26th, at ſix o'clock, by the army of General Aſgill, of near twelve hundred men, and that of Major Mathews, of about five hundred, from Maryborough, conſiſting chiefly of Downſhire militia. The alacrity of the latter army to attack the inſurgents, ſeems to have been the cauſe why theſe were not permitted to eſcape into their own county without a battle. After about an hour's firing of cannon, the rebels, fearing to be ſurrounded, fled towards the gap with their uſual celerity, leaving all their plunder and artillery to the loyaliſts. Their artillery conſiſted of ten light pieces, and among the articles of plunder were ſeven hundred horſes. The loſs of the royaliſts has been ſtated by the general at only ſeven men: that of the rebels may have amounted to two or three hundred, as they were purſued ſix miles

miles by ſome of the cavalry. They forced their way back through the gap, where they were oppoſed by a ſmall body of men, and directed their courſe north-eaſtward, through the dwarf woods, near Ferns, to the mountains of Wicklow.

Before their arrival in theſe mountains, an army of their aſſociates there, had been foiled in an attempt on Hacketſtown. Thoſe rebels, who had committed a ſlaughter at Gorey on Friday the 22d of June, and thence under the conduct of Perry, had continued their march to the county of Wicklow, were joined there by a number of others, and would have aſſaulted Arklow, if they had not been deterred by the preparations there. Diſappointed on that ſide, they turned their attention to another, and uniting their forces with thoſe of Garret Byrne, appeared at Hacketſtown at five o'clock on the morning of the 25th. The garriſon, conſiſting of a hundred and ſeventy, moſtly yeomen, under Lieutenant Gardner, of the Antrim militia, marching to meet the enemy, were, after a few vollies, obliged to retreat: the cavalry quite from the ſcene of conteſt—the infantry, a hundred and twenty in number, into the barrack. The houſes were fired by the rebels, except one in which a few determined loyaliſts, with Mr. Magee, a clergyman, had taken poſt. After vainly repeated attempts, during nine hours, to force the barrack, and the garriſoned houſe by which it was flanked, the rebels retired, but retreated not wholly from the ſcene of action till ſeven o'clock in the evening. The loſs of the loyaliſts, who after the repulſe of the rebels retired all to Tullow, eight miles diſtant, was ten ſlain, and twenty wounded. That of the rebels, expoſed ſo long to a galling fire, may, perhaps, have been near two hundred, among whom was Michael Reynolds, who had led the rebels to Naas in the firſt morning of the rebellion. Among the ſlain of the loyaliſts was Captain Hardy, of the Hacketſtown yeoman infantry.

We cannot without pleaſure obſerve, that in the midſt of ſo atrocious a warfare, many inſtances occurred of reſpectful treatment of the fair ſex, one of which had place in this attack. The wife and two adult daughters of Lieutenant Chamney, and the wife of Captain Hardy, who had early in the action fallen into the hands of the aſſailants, were, by the influence of Perry, and another chief, named M'Mahon, conveyed to a place of ſafety, and protected from all inſult. The wives of the rebel commanders, Perry and Byrne, were at the ſame time in the hands of the loyaliſts, and, as muſt naturally be ſuppoſed, were treated with courteſy. Mrs. Perry had before experienced the like honourable behaviour, under the protection of the loyaliſts in Gorey.

A body of thoſe rebels who had diſturbed the county of Kilkenny, and fled through that of Wexford to the Wicklow mountains, finding their aſſociates repulſed at Hacketſtown, and ſeeing

no proſpect of ſucceſs in that quarter, marched back, joined by many others, under the conduct of Garret Byrne, toward the county of Wexford—intending to ſurpriſe the garriſon of Carnew in their way, on the 30th of June. Intelligence being brought to the army encamped at Gorey, where General Needham commanded, of a formidable body of rebels being in motion, two hundred cavalry were detached, moſtly regulars, partly yeomen, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Puleſtone, of the ancient Britons, ſupported by an excellent body of infantry.

The rebels finding a combat unavoidable, after running full ſpeed to eſcape, ruſhed from the road into the fields, and placing themſelves behind the hedges and walls on both ſides of the way, poured a terrible fire on the cavalry; who unable either to retreat or to annoy the enemy, puſhed forward toward Carnew; but by cars lying in the way, on which women belonging to the rebels had been carried, they were ſo retarded, and ſo long expoſed to the guns of the enemy, that without killing one of their antagoniſts, they ſuffered the loſs of fifty-five men ſlain, of whom twenty-eight were ancient Britons. The reſt effected their eſcape to Carnew, and alarmed the garriſon, who would otherwiſe have been ſurpriſed and cut to pieces, as they had taken no precautions of outpoſt or patroles. A malt-houſe, which had been ſpared from deſtruction when the rebels had burned the town was the fortreſs, into which the garriſon had barely time to retire when the rebels appeared, who, after an ineffectual attack, in which they ſuſtained ſome loſs, purſued their march to Kilcavan-hill.

(To be continued.)

Sketch of the Scenery of Hudſon's River, with ſome Account of the Fiſhing Eagle.

IT is not eaſy to grow weary of the picturesque and various beauties of the borders of Hudſon's River. In ſome places they are lofty and rugged, covered with pines and oaks, much more ancient than the diſcovery of this continent; in others, they approach the river with a gentle declivity, ornamented with orchards and cottages. The ſpectator is continually ſurpriſed with the multitude of veſſels proceeding up or down the river, according to the wind or tide. A ſtranger is particularly ſtruck with the number of landing places, at thoſe points where the navigation on ſmaller rivers falls into Hudſon's River. Theſe landing places are formed of one or more quays, along which the veſſels lie, each being furniſhed with ſtore-houſes and cranes, for the loading and unloading their cargoes:

ſo great are the branches of a commerce, which augments yearly, being fed by the induſtry of the coloniſts of a fertile and extenſive country, whoſe culture encreaſes with a rapid pace. More than 450 veſſels, from 50 to 70 tons are conſtantly employed in conveying to the capital (New York) the productions of the harveſts and of labour. Beſide which are frequently to be met, on this river, immenſe floats of planks, maſts, and other timber, going to New York, for the building of veſſels. There is no port of the United States, which ſo abundantly furniſhes articles of commerce drawn from the interior of their prodigious dominion. But that which would be moſt intereſting to your painters and naturaliſts, is the majeſtic paſſage of this river acroſs a chain of mountains of ſeven leagues extent. In the ſummer, eſpecially, it is an abſolute fairy ſcene, of which I will, at ſome future opportunity, ſend you a more particular account. What is very extraordinary is, that the tide flows 40 leagues beyond theſe mountains, there being 76 leagues of interior navigation from the ſea, on this grand and beautiful river, from Sandy-Hook to Albany. The Potawmac has but 57, from its mouth in the Cheſapeak to Alexandria; the extreme place to which the navigation extends from the ſea.

Being on a viſit at a plantation at Fiſh-hill, at a ſmall diſtance from the banks of the river, my hoſt ſaid to me "I will ſhew you with what dexterity my *purveyors* will take the fiſh we ſhall have at dinner." Being arrived, in profound ſilence, at the laſt crag of a rock, on the edge of a river, and concealed by the thick foliage of lofty pines, we looked attentively on that part of the river which was before us; when, at the diſtance of 50 toiſes behind a veſſel, I perceived, in the midſt of the ſtream, a ſudden agitation of the water, from which ſoon after, a fiſhing-eagle *(falco piſcatorius)* aroſe with a fiſh in his talons, whoſe bulk and convulſive motion ſeemed to retard his flight. Sometimes he mounted with great rapidity, then deſcended, and then mounted again.

This ſtruggle continued for ſome time, when he directed his flight, with a ſlow and ſolemn motion, towards his neſt, placed on the top of a high tree near our hiding-place. At this inſtant my hoſt deſired me to turn my eyes towards the fierce antagoniſt of this fiſhing bird, the bald-headed eagle *(falco leucocephalus)*, who, as I judged by the trembling of his wings, and his angry looks, was preparing to exerciſe the right of the ſtronger party. The fiſhing-eagle, over-burthened with his prey, made no reſiſtance, but dropped the fiſh as ſoon as he ſaw his enemy hovering over his head.

The fiſh was on the point of eſcaping from this tyrant of the air, he had almoſt touched the water, when, with incredible velocity, he ſeized it without even wetting his wings. Proud of his victory, he was only a few paces from his neſt, when my

hoſt

hoſt made a loud noiſe at the foot of the tree, and intimidated by the unexpected ſound, he let his prey fall, and perched on a neighbouring tree. This was a ſea-fiſh weighing 21 pounds. "'Tis thus (ſaid my companion) that, every where, the weaker is the victim of the ſtronger. However, I would not baniſh theſe noble birds, whoſe motion, whoſe addreſs, whoſe conteſts, are ſo intereſting to behold, from this neighbourhood; and it is ſeldom that I diſturb them. I have done ſo now, only to exhibit to you a ſpectacle that muſt be new to you. As the corſair, who is bereft of his prize at the entrance of his port, proceeds on a new voyage, hoping to be more fortunate; ſo the fiſhing-eagle again mounts into the air, darts into the water with the rapidity of lightning, whence he ſoon riſes with new prey, which frequently he preſerves from the voracity of his enemy, particularly when it is of ſmaller bulk."

How piercing muſt be the ſight of the fiſhing-eagle, which, from the height of 10,000 or 12,000 toiſes, can diſtinguiſh fiſh under the water? With what inconceivable addreſs he directs his fall from ſuch an elevation, and ſeizes the moving object below!

The fiſhing-eagle inhabits the banks of this river, till the ſpecies of fiſh, which was caught in the above inſtance, returns to the ocean; then the bald-headed eagle returns to its mountains, and its purveyor (the fiſhing-eagle) to the borders of the ſea, where it lives without paying any tribute. This bird takes a very high and rapid flight, and its wings are long and pointed. More nice than other fiſhing-birds, it eats only of ſuch fiſh as itſelf takes, diſdaining ſuch as are caſt on ſhore by the waves. The arrival of theſe birds up the river, points out to the farmer the ſeaſon of planting his maize.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON CALUMNY.

——" Abſentem qui rodit amicum
" Qui non defendit, alio culpante, ſolutos
" Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis,
" Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
" Qui nequit, hic niger eſt, hunc tu Romane caveto."
HOR.

I Know nothing that argues a degenerate ſoul more than calumny and detraction, and yet nothing is more univerſally practiſed, though, at the ſame time, moſt univerſally condemned. There are ſome people whoſe chief employment is to collect a variety of wicked ſtories, and to blacken them with the moſt op-

probrious circumſtances, in order to extenuate and impair the character of others. They are perpetually engaged in diſſeminating the moſt virulent falſities, brand merit with infamy, and vilify virtues, in the moſt poignant and malignant manner; and, what greatly adds to the baſeneſs of the crime, take a brutiſh pleaſure in doing it. This is a tranſgreſſion againſt all humanity. For what can be more mean and infamous—what more malicious and uncharitable—what more barbarous and inhuman, than to taint the character, and blaſt the reputation of the virtuous, with falſe and ſcandalous aſperſions? Ought they not to commiſerate and pity the frailties of human nature, rather than blacken them with calumny? Ought they not to impute every little error in life to thoſe imperfections to which all mankind are ſubject, rather than rack their brains to invent things never before thought or heard of, to make thoſe odious and deteſtable, who, in reality, are innocent? Ought they not rather to ſay with Terence?

——————" Humani, nihil a me alienum puto."

Virtue indeed hath this to plead for herſelf, that ſhe is ſeldom or never envied by thoſe who have any virtue in themſelves.

" Envy ſtill blaſts that fame it cannot ſhare."

Calumny and reproach, 'tis true, are almoſt intolerable to a generous mind, but the moſt effectual remedy to pacify it, in ſuch a caſe, is, the being conſcious of its own innocence. Socrates, after he had received ſentence of death, told his friends, that, " as he had always accuſtomed himſelf to regard truth, and not cenſure, he laughed at the notorious lies that had been alledged againſt him; that he deſpiſed the malice of thoſe infamous and abandoned wretches; that he diſregarded the villainous aſperſions of cenſorious tongues; and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, becauſe he knew himſelf free from guilt." The influence of evil-tongues had no effect upon this divine philoſopher. He was truly poſſeſſed of a " conſcia mens recti"—which, as the author obſerves—" famæ mendacia videt!" I cannot omit the ſentiments of a very celebrated writer to the ſame purport, viz.

" For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
" In venom, 'till they burſt their lungs,
" Their utmoſt malice cannot make
" My head, or tooth, or finger ake;
" Nor can ten hundred thouſand lies
" Make me leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.
" The moſt effectual way to baulk
" Their malice is—to let 'em talk."

It

It would be leaving the ſubject too abruptly and imperfect ſhould I conclude without obſerving, that he who takes a ſecret ſatisfaction in hearing the character of another degraded, and hearkens to ſuch defamatory language as is too often caſt on the innocent and deſerving, muſt naturally convince the world, that he does not poſſeſs the leaſt ſpark of humanity or benevolence for his fellow-creatures. Indeed the panegyrics of ſuch a one would be rather a diſgrace to a worthy perſon, and his ſevereſt cenſures would be reckoned by the impartial as ſure ſigns of merit. "No body" (ſaid Diogenes to a perſon who ſpoke ill of him) "will believe you when you ſpeak ill of me, any more than they would believe me ſhould I ſpeak well of you."—In ſhort, whatever we have been, let us determine for the future to live blameleſs, and let all our actions be praiſe-worthy. If a report be ſpread to the injury of a friend, we ought to enquire whether the reaſons advanced are well-grounded; if ſo, we ſhould freely communicate our thoughts only to the perſon concerned, and, if guilty, amicably adviſe him to reform his conduct: If there be no foundation, but the rumour proceeded from a depravity of manners in the author (which is too often the caſe), we ought ſtrenuouſly to diſcourage the propagators of ſuch baſe aſperſions: this would be productive of two great virtues, charity and benevolence.

Swimbridge, November 23, 1803.

Memoirs of the late Rev. Arthur O'Leary.

MR. O'LEARY was a native of Cork, and born of parents in indigent circumſtances, who nevertheleſs, from a kind of ambition peculiar to the lower order of Iriſh papiſts, contrived to have him educated, and ſent abroad to be qualified for ordination in the Romiſh church. He was accordingly ſent to the Iriſh college of St. Malo's, and, after finiſhing his ſtudies, entered into the order of Franciſcan friars. He was ſhortly after appointed chaplain to an Iriſh regiment in the French ſervice, but not exerting himſelf with zeal to encourage Iriſhmen to enter into the ſervice of France, he was removed from that ſituation. He then returned to his native country, and, by the aſſiſtance of his friends, and the inhabitants of Cork of the Romiſh perſuaſion, he built a chapel in that city, which was much frequented on account of his popularity as a preacher. At this time a Scotch phyſician had publiſhed an atheiſtical pamphlet in Cork, which attracted the public attention, and Mr. O'Leary determined to write an anſwer to it. But this was conſidered as a bold ſtep in the degraded ſituation of the Romiſh clergy at that time, and before he ventured to publiſh, he found

found it requiſite to apply to Dr. Mann, the biſhop of Cork, for permiſſion to enter the liſts.

The Iriſh legiſlature ſoon after thought proper to relax the ſeverity of the penal laws againſt the papiſts, on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance which had been drawn up for that purpoſe. This the majority of the Roman Catholics forbore to do, from the impulſe of religious ſcruples, conceiving ſuch a declaration to be repugnant to the principles of their belief. On this occaſion Mr. O'Leary exerted himſelf for the benefit of his countrymen, by publiſhing his "Loyalty aſſerted, or the Teſt Act vindicated," and completely expoſed the futility of their groundleſs ſcruples and apprehenſions. His arguments were ſucceſsful, and contributed eſſentially to reconcile the catholics to the Iriſh government, the happy effects of which appeared in that country during the American war.

In 1779, when the combined fleets of France and Spain rode triumphant in the channel, and ſeemed to threaten the coaſts of Ireland, he drew up an addreſs to the lower order of catholics in the province of Munſter, to diſſuade them from any attachment to, or co-operation with, the enemies of their country. The Iriſh government was not inſenſible to his meritorious efforts, and, conſidering the influence he had acquired by his writings over the inhabitants of that country, they judged it an act of juſtice, as well as of policy, to make ſome proviſion for him, and thereby ſecure themſelves from any oppoſition from his talents. A penſion on the Iriſh eſtabliſhment was accordingly ſettled on him. Being now at eaſe in his circumſtances, he forbore the publication of his ſentiments on any ſubject of political or religious controverſy till the year 1787. At this time the inſurrections of the Iriſh whiteboys becoming alarming to the government, he addreſſed letters to the inſurgents, with a view to diſſuade them from their violent proceedings.

Dr. Woodward, biſhop of Cloyne, ſhortly after publiſhed a pamphlet on the ſtate of the Iriſh church, in which he introduced ſome unbecoming inſinuations to the prejudice of Mr. O'Leary's character. The latter was not backward in retorting on the prelate, whom he attacked in the moſt ſpirited manner with the weapons of ridicule and irony. The victory was generally adjudged to Mr. O'Leary; but it is thought that he incurred the diſpleaſure of government by the freedom of his defence, and the unreſtrained effuſion of his ſentiments, and had it not been for very powerful intereſt in his behalf, he muſt have loſt the proviſion which the government had before beſtowed on him.

After this tranſaction, he reſided chiefly in England, and intermeddled no longer with the concerns of Ireland. By his means

means chiefly, a large chapel was built in the neighbourhood of Soho-ſquare, for the accommodation of the Iriſh poor in St. Giles's; and, in conjunction with other clergymen of his own perſuaſion, his attention was particularly directed to the buſineſs of that chapel, and the general intereſts of that religion of which he was always a zealous profeſſor. Mr. O'Leary died January 8, 1802, aged 73 years.

ACCOUNT *of the* SECT *of the* LOLLARDS.

WICKLIFFE, the celebrated prieſt and reformer in the end of Edward the Third's reign, was not educated at Cambridge, but at Oxford; in which univerſity, being a man of diſtinguiſhed learning, he poſſeſſed conſiderable authority and influence: but his doctrines ſoon made their way among all ranks of people; and Cambridge, as may be ſuppoſed, was not behind-hand in giving them a hearing: many of its members were foremoſt among Wickliffe's advocates. But as the lollards (ſo Wickliffe's followers were called from Lollardus, a German reformer,) did not form themſelves into ſocieties, or churches, they were obliged to maintain their opinions privately, and in the hearing only of their particular confidents; for beſides the decree paſſed in the fourth council of Lateran, A. D. 1215, "That all hereticks ſhould be delivered over to the civil magiſtrate to be burned," there were particular laws made in Richard the Second's and Henry the Fourth's reign, which put them from under the king's protection, and left them at the mercy of the ſpiritual courts. We are not, therefore, to expect, under theſe circumſtances, that Wickliffe's doctrines could be much agitated publicly at Cambridge.

This, however, we recollect, that about the year 1401, Archbiſhop Arundel, with his commiſſioners, viſited Cambridge, the archbiſhop perſonally the collective body of the univerſity in congregation, his commiſſioners every private college. "One article of their inquiries was, whether there be any ſuſpected of lollardiſme, or any other heretical pravity;" and ten years after, Peter Hatford was (according to Dr. Fuller, in his Hiſtory of Cambridge,) ordered to abjure Wickliffe's opinions in full congregation; and about twenty years after this, ſeveral lollards, of Cheſterton, were obliged to abjure. One of the opinions of the latter heretics will appear very ſingular, which was, "that prieſts were incarnate devils." They had, no doubt, poor creatures, been well *ſinged* with church-diſcipline.

An account of theſe latter, together with their opinions, was copied by a very induſtrious inquirer into theſe matters, from the manuſcript-regiſter of Gray, biſhop of Ely, dated 1457.

During

During the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth, the term diſſentient was variouſly applied: ſometimes he diſſents from the ſupremacy of Henry and ſome of his favourite doctrines; at other times he is a proteſtant, diſſenting from catholics; at others, a catholic diſſenting from proteſtants. The king, or queen, for the time being, influenced college-matters, as well as the greater concerns of church and ſtate. Maſters and fellows were either promoted, or diſplaced, according to the religion of the ſupreme magiſtrate.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, November 28.

THE KING *v.* GUARD.

THE defendant was brought into court to receive judgment, having been convicted of an indictment, charging him with wilful and corrupt perjury. This perjury was aſſigned on an affidavit which he made in anſwer to three affidavits that were made by three other perſons, Simons, Martin, and Aubrey, who ſwore that he had endeavoured to bribe them to vote in a certain way for members to ſerve in parliament. On theſe affidavits an application was made for a rule to ſhew cauſe why a criminal information ſhould not be filed againſt him. In anſwer to that application, he made the affidavit on which the perjury was aſſigned, ſwearing that the converſation which he held with theſe three perſons, reſpecting their giving their votes, was merely in jeſt.

Mr. Juſtice Groſe obſerved, the defendant was to receive the ſentence of that court for corrupt perjury. The jury had found him guilty. It appeared from the evidence, that the defendant had been guilty of bribery, in endeavouring to corrupt theſe three men, who had a right to vote; but he had been guilty of a more enormous offence, that of corrupt perjury.

As to the perjury, however, when it is recollected how deeply in this country, this concerned life, liberty, and property; and, what muſt be ſtill dearer to a good man, his good name, it muſt be conſidered that this crime, as a miſdemeanour, was one of the moſt pernicious and dangerous to the well-being of ſociety that could poſſibly exiſt. It would be in vain that our courts of juſtice ſhould be armed with powers to compel a man to give teſtimony, if the truth of what he avers under the ſanction of an oath might not be relied on; and, therefore, the violation of an oath could not be attended with too ſevere a puniſhment.

The ſentence of the court was, that the defendant ſhould be impriſoned for the ſpace of two years in the gaol of Bodmin, in Cornwall.

REFLECTIONS.

THOSE who wiſh to pleaſe, ſeldom fail. Ill-nature is its own tormentor, and mars our beſt endeavours, while good-nature lends a grace to all our actions; if free from errors, renders them truly lovely; if erroneous, the more excuſable.

In company, to ſhew our breeding, we muſt not now have either hearts or feelings. We muſt uſe the maſk, keep our temper, and be as placid as mandarins on a mantle-piece.

People of merit loſe nothing by being known. Day-light or dark, a diamond will ſparkle.

The lips often deceive; the eyes never.

CURIOUS FOSSILS.

[From Cole's Collections.]

DINING November 26, 1774, with my old friend Jacob Bryant, Eſq. at his houſe at Cipenham, near Salthill, and cloſe adjoining to my pariſh of Burnham, neat Eaton, in Buckinghamſhire, he gave me a large piece of ſtone, if it may be ſo called, which was brought by General Deſaguliers from Gibraltar, and given to him.

It is a concretion or aggregation of animal bones and rock-ſtones of a reddiſh hue, and is a very ſingular curioſity. They are found in the rock of Gibraltar, at forty feet high, and below the ſurface of the earth, greatly too low and deep for human interment, and as much too high for art and induſtry to carry them thither.

Theſe bones of animals are thickly incorporated with the rock, and now and then among them appears a ſea-ſhell, which very ſtrongly demonſtrate the deluge. An account is given of this ſingular appearance in the Philoſophical Tranſactions. My learned friend ſhewed me a piece which is ſawed aſunder, and would take a poliſh, except in ſuch parts of the bones as were hollow; and at the ends of the joints are very minute cavities, where points of pins might enter, where the marrow and fat were lodged. I brought a large piece, of ſeveral pounds weight, to depoſit in our muſeum at Cambridge, as a preſent from this eminent ſcholar.

A QUESTION, *by Philo, of St. Auſtell.*

I Should be glad to be informed, by ſome correſpondent of the Weekly Entertainer, on what part of the terraqueous globe a ſhip has the leaſt preſſure upon the water?

Anſwer, by G. H. of Stoke Abbot, near Beaminſter, to W. Seaward's Rebus, inſerted October 10.

YOUR rebus, Sir, I ſcarce had read
When WEYMOUTH came into my head.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Rutger, of Clowance; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; W. Bickham, jun. and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Channon, of Ottery; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's ſchool, Everſhot; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; R. Horſey, and W. Row, of Wellington; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; and T. Coombe, of St. German's.

Anſwer, by T. Rutger, of Clowance, to R. Holwel's Charade, inſerted October 10.

THE AIR-GUN, Sir, may plain be ſeen
To be the ſubject of your theme.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Paul Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's ſchool at Everſhot; T. Bullock, of St Columb; R. Horſey, of Wellington; Primroſe, of Taunton; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; and J. Squance, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted Oct. 17.

GREAT God! in whoſe almighty hand
Of life and death the iſſues ſtand,
Let REASON e'er its vigils keep
As down the rough and rugged ſteep
Of life with fainting ſteps I creep.

†‡† We have received the like anſwer from W. Gifford, of South Petherton.

A CHARADE, *by Primroſe, of Taunton.*

HAIL ſacred bowers! where reigns immortal bliſs
My firſt, I hail thee once a gift divine:
What unknown happineſs ſhould we poſſeſs!
Was there no cauſe my ſecond to repine:
Peruſe my matchleſs whole, you there will ſee.
Sublime ideas in variety.

A CHARADE, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

THE quickeſt way my firſt to find,
Is Delia to inſpect, Sirs;
Think to yourſelf, within your mind,
Her head it doth protect, Sirs.
My next in foreign climes doth ſpring,
And's fit for many uſes;
Its wholeſome food for duke or king,
To eat it who refuſes?
All thoſe who walk in wiſdom's way,
Will e'er elude my whole:
For all amongſt it found diſplay
A weak, unguarded ſoul.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

TO THE SWALLOW.

ADIEU, ſweet bird! may no ſweet gales
Diſturb thy fancy'd ærial way;
The ſeaſons roll! bleſt nature hails
Thee to the realms of brighter day.

Thrice happy bird! yes nature calls,
'Tis thine t'obey her juſt command.
Bear then from hence, leſt chills enthrall,
And ſtop thoſe bleſſings from her hand.

Leave, leave to us, a hardier race,
To buffet thro' th' impending ſtorm;
The northern blaſt, the frozen air,
Would but combine to do thee harm.

But ſcenes like theſe are nought of woes,
They ſtill have pleaſures that afford
A ſov'reign balm for ſweet repoſe
To us, nor meanly are they ſtor'd.

But Britain fair! each placid charm
Of ſweet repoſe muſt yet reſign
To wield the ſword, and nerve the arm
To cruſh the cruſher of mankind.

Happy Britannia! when the foe
Of rigid ſtructure, more ſevere,
Receives the powerful, deadly blow,
And ſinks in gloomy fell deſpair.

But to thine ear the clam'rous din,
The battle's rage, the cannon's roar,
I only fear would make thee ſhun
A flight in future to our ſhore.

Then fly thy plumes! The hours advance;
See Albion's ſons, they take the field,
The banners fly! they "point the "lance!"
Succeſs their hope—honour their ſhield.

And ſpring when, with her wanton throng,
Reviſits this our native iſle,
Return, and let thy vocal ſong
Crown bright Aurora with a ſmile.

Ere then may we, by dint of arms,
Us from the need of arms releaſe!
Defy a future foe's alarms,
And live in everlaſting peace.

T. R.

Clowance, Nov. 8, 1803.

The PLOUGHMAN's DITTY;

Being an Anſwer to that fooliſh Queſtion, WHAT HAVE THE POOR TO LOSE?

BECAUSE I'm but poor,
And ſlender my ſtore,
That I've nothing to loſe is the cry;
Let who will declare it,
I vow I can't bear it,
I give all ſuch praters the lie.

Tho' my houſe is but ſmall,
Yet to have none at all,
Would ſure be a greater diſtreſs, Sir;
Shall my garden, ſo ſweet,
And my orchard, ſo neat,
Be the prize of a foreign oppreſſor?

On Saturday night,
'Tis ſtill my delight,
With my wages to run home the faſter;
But if Frenchmen rule here,
I may look far and near,
But I never ſhall find a *paymaſter.*

I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life;
To loſe her I much ſhould not like.
And it would make me run wild,
To ſee my ſweet child,
With its head on the point of a pike.

I've my church too to ſave,
And will go to my grave
In defence of a church that's the beſt;
I've my king, too, God bleſs him,
Let no man oppreſs him,
For none has he ever oppreſs'd.

Britiſh laws for my guard,
My cottage is barr'd;
'Tis ſafe in the light or the dark.
If the 'ſquire ſhould oppreſs,
I get inſtant redreſs,
My orchard's as ſafe as his park.

My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep.

Should

Should *Boni* come now,
'Tis true I may plough,
But I'm ſure that I never ſhall reap.

Now do but reflect,
What I have to protect;
Then doubt if to fight I ſhall chooſe;
King, church, babes and wife,
Laws, liberty, life,
Now tell me I've nothing to loſe.

Then I'll beat my ploughſhare
To a ſword or a ſpear,
And ruſh on thoſe deſperate men;
Like a lion I'll fight,
That my ſpear, now ſo bright,
May ſoon turn to a ploughſhare again!

For the Weekly Entertainer.

On my Recovery from an Illneſs.

O GOD! moſt infinitely juſt!
Moſt infinitely great!
How ſhall a ſinful child of duſt
Thy matchleſs love repeat?

Not all the cherubims that throng
Before thy awful face,
Can tell, in their eternal ſong,
The richneſs of thy grace.

When languor ſeiz'd this mortal frame,
And drew me near the grave,
I call'd on thy Almighty Name
My ſinking ſoul to ſave.

Nor was that humble pray'r in vain,
I found a quick relief:
My limbs forgot their raging pain,
My boſom all its grief.

And ſtill, dear Lord! thy grace impart;
My ſorrows ſtill remove;
But never let this faithleſs heart
Forget thy wondrous love!

Dock, Devon. PALEMON.

The CLOCK *and the* DIAL.

[From Hood's Poems.]

IT happen'd on a cloudy morn.
A ſelf-conceited clock, in ſcorn,
A dial thus beſpoke;
"My learned friend, if in thy pow'r,
"Tell me exactly what's the hour;
"I am upon the ſtroke."

The modeſt dial thus reply'd:
"That point I cannot now decide,
"The ſun is hid in ſhade;
"My information, drawn from him,
"I wait till his enlightening beam
"Shall be again diſplay'd."

"Wait for him then," return'd the clock,
"I am not that dependent block
"His counſel to implore;
"One winding ſerves me for a week,
"And, hearken! how the truth I
"ſpeak,
"Ding, ding, ding, ding, juſt four."

While thus the boaſter was deriding
And magiſterially deciding,
A ſun-beam, clear and ſtrong,
Shew'd, on the line, three quarters more;
And that the clock, in ſtriking four,
Had told his ſtory wrong.

On this the dial calmly ſaid,
More prompt t'adviſe than to upbraid,
"Friend, go, be regulated;
"Thou anſwer'ſt without heſitation;
"But he who truſts thy calculation
"Will frequently be cheated.

"Obſerve my practice, ſhun pretence,
"Not confidence, but evidence,
"An anſwer meet ſupplies;
"Bluſh not to ſay, 'I cannot tell,'
"Not ſpeaking much, but ſpeaking
"well,
"Denotes the truly wiſe."

ROSY HANNAH.

A Spring o'er-hung with many a flow'r,
The grey ſand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bow'r,
Sent forth its waters near my head:

A roſy lais approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modeſt beam,
The ſtranger nodded 'how d'ye do?'
And leap'd acroſs the infant ſtream.

The water heedleſs paſs'd away:
With me her glowing image ſtay'd.
I ſtrove, from that auſpicious day,
To meet and bleſs the lovely maid.

I met her where beneath our feet
Thro' downy moſs the wild thyme grew;
Nor moſs elaſtic, flow'rs tho' ſweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of roſy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And ſhaded verdure ſkirts the plain;
And when the pale moon riſing gave
New glories to her clouded train,

From her ſweet cot upon the moor
Our plighted vows to Heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And roſy Hannah is my own.